

## FOR LOVE, LIBERTY, AND HONOR

By W. S. SNYDER.

F OUL O'clock in the afternoon. People who were going down Cortlandt Street stepped quickly to one side. Those who were coming up did likewise. This action made a free passageway for a man who was hastening at the top of his speed to the ferry. When he came to where another street intersected Cortlandt he dodged in and out between the wagons with surprising agility and without perceptibly slackening his pace.

He was a peculiar-looking man. Scarcely five feet tall, with shoulders of the breadth of a large and portly man, a large head set upon a thick, short neck, a derby hat two sizes too large, resting on his prodigious ears and exposing a broad, blushing forehead; small at the waist, with slender legs bowed almost to deformity, and toes that lapped over each other as he ran, he attracted scrutinizing attention.

Some of the people who made way for him stopped and gazed after him until he was lost to sight by the filling up of the gap which had been made to let him pass. Even the stalwart policeman, who carefully guards the foot-bridge of the almost constant throng of pedestrians to and from the ferry, momentarily relaxed his vigilance, as the dwarf shot by him, and rushed into the ferry house. If the people who saw the dwarf had suspected his errand he would have been surprised to find a mob.

He passed the ticket puncher before they had time to call upon him to halt. By the time they thought of their duty the dwarf was tapping a man on the arm. This man stood near the gate leading to the boat, which was just coming in.

The man whom the dwarf tapped on the arm was fully six feet tall. He was dressed in the somewhat worn and ill-fitting garments of a laborer. Over his right eye was a green patch. His beard was two days old and he had been clean-shaven when a razor last touched his face. His slouch hat was pulled well down on his forehead.

The dwarf spoke to the man as he turned about and bent his head downward.

"But I cannot come, Jimmy," he said.

Again the dwarf spoke to him in a whisper. Then the two turned away together. They went directly to the Sixth Avenue elevator station, the dwarf walking behind. When they reached Twenty-eighth Street it was dark and rain was falling.

They went briskly toward Fifth Avenue, where they turned up town, walking a few minutes, and the dwarf's companion paused. When Jimmy came up he said:

"You must go in."

"But I cannot."

"She is waiting for you."

This man went up the steps, reaching the threshold just as the door opened. He stepped inside. The door closed. Jimmy waited until he heard a sob just as the door was closing. Then he hurried away. His work was only partly done.

He walked briskly, and in a little while ascended the steps of a residence on Madison Avenue. The door opened before he had touched the bell. He went inside and a young woman closed the door. The dwarf followed her up one flight of stairs into a sitting room, which was evidently her own. When she had closed the door she said:

"Well, Jimmy."

"He is with his mother."

"Thank you, Jimmy. You may go."

When the dwarf had gone the young woman stood looking apparently at the figures of the carpet at her feet. But if she had ever known what the figures were, they were then as far from her thoughts as the date of the discovery that the world was round. This young woman was Elizabeth Dalow. She was not beautiful. Her face was too strong for beauty. But a novice in character reading must have seen that she would be impressive anywhere.

Passing into another room, she quickly returned in mackintosh and was ready to go out. She passed quietly down the stairway, opened the door gently, and a moment later was walking swiftly down the avenue. Later she passed up the steps where the dwarf had left the man with the green patch over his eye. The door opened at her touch. She, too, was evidently expected. An elderly woman conducted her to a room at the rear of the hall, smothering her sobs as she went. Before she touched the doorknob she turned in response to a hand on her shoulder. Elizabeth spoke—only a word:

"Courage."

Then they entered the room. Both stood looking at each other. The eyes of the elderly woman were suffused with tears; those of Elizabeth were filling, but her face was no longer stern. Elizabeth spoke:

"He is here."

"Yes."

"Shall I tell him?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell him?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell him?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell him?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell him?"

"Yes."

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